

The Bloomfield Record.

Dogs.

Mr. EDITOR: Do you own a dog? if not I advise you to buy two as soon as possible. There are dogs enough in Bloomfield to supply every man with a little and a big dog. Any day, if you will look out of the window of your front office you will see specimens of all the dog tribe. Dogs are very valuable for watching in the night; you may know they are watching because they bark all night and keep you awake; housebreakers will not find you napping, but prepared to give them a warm reception. I would not give a big for dogs that don't bark; they are not watch dogs. I think all the dogs in Bloomfield are watch dogs because they bark all night. I have heard as many as 699 all barking at once. No two bark alike. It is delightful to lie all night near them. If you have a taste for music you can realize my feelings. I get behind on sleep a little during the week, but I can lie a-bed all day Sundays and thus catch up. And then it is so satisfactory to know that everything has been thoroughly watched through the week; once I thought my barn needed watching and so I bought a big dog and locked him in the barn nights to watch it. That dog was all watch. I never saw such a systematic watch dog. Every night at exactly sundown he would commence to watch and bark, and would not stop till sunrise. Mrs. Pilkins complained once about not sleeping nights on account of the dog's noise. She said neighbor Jones, too, was sick and the dog disturbed him. I looked sternly at Mrs. Pilkins, and says I, "Madam can't a dog bark? Can't you sleep daytime or Sundays? Can't Jones leave town? Ain't this a free country?" Mrs. Pilkins, hasn't the dog got to watch?" Mrs. Pilkins never uttered a word of complaint after that, but one morning we were all surprised to find that we had really been asleep during the night. I was mad at the dog because he stopped watching and barking in the night and I went out to the barn to call his dogship to an account. But what was my surprise to find the dog gone. The barn had been broken open and the dog actually stolen. I have never seen him since, but have often thought about him and wondered if his conscience did not trouble him for practicing such inconsistencies.

Mrs. Pilkins and I started to attend the late Coterie one evening last winter. We were set upon by a lot of curs and the consequence was we did not attend the Coterie, but, retreating in good order, did not stop until safely lodged behind our own fortifications. I went out to call upon a friend the other evening, and was met at the gate by his big and little dogs. They both commenced to watch and bark. I managed to arrive at the door without damage otherwise than loosing a small piece of my pantaloons. My friend was much surprised and said I must have noticed or made motions at his dogs; he never knew them to bite any one that was well dressed, (this was very consoling). Probably those dogs judged erroneously as to the quality of my dry goods. When I call there again I shall look well to my dress and toilet and be very careful not to recognize those dogs by word or look.

I have an acquaintance, a big man, six feet and seven inches high, he owns a small dog that weighs about six pounds. One day he said to me, "I don't care anything for dogs, I only keep this one for protection." I looked up at the big man and then I looked down at the little dog and felt like exclaiming, brave man! confiding dog! No, I mean confiding man and brave dog. Dogs are certainly a great institution. I consider the bark of a dog the most interesting part of him. Mr. Editor, I repeat it, there are dogs enough in Bloomfield to go all around if equally divided, so that all can have a little dog and a big dog and be protected.

JO. PILKINS,
BLOOMFIELD, JULY 16, 1875.

The prospect of eight millions of baskets of peaches from Maryland and Delaware, in an unusually sound condition, is a pleasant one. There are few varieties of Summer fruit, when properly shipped and handled, more delicious or more healthful than peaches. With reasonable care in their selection, they are almost perfectly safe, even in unhealthy seasons, of which, happily, the present Summer is not one. The peach-growers think that they can send their crop to market more cheaply than ever, but they do not expect to take any lower prices. In this they will be disappointed. The New York market just now is one in which prices will be forced to the lowest mark, and a product as perishable as peaches will hardly prove an exception to the general course of things.

John D. Lee has made a confession as to the Mountain Meadow Massacre, the substance of which is that a large number of Indians, decoyed the emigrants from their entrenchments by a flag of truce and that all were murdered except fifteen children. That the deed was done under the eye of a leader of the Mormon Church; that he took the news of the massacre to Brigham Young, who deplored the transaction and said it would bring disaster on the Mormon people. The statement of Lee, so far as known, only confirms previous reports in regard to the massacre.

Murray Hill, the wealthiest part of New York city, is pervaded by the sickening stench from kerosene works on the opposite side of East river.

The Country Newspaper.

There are few people who do the country paper full justice. Most everybody is inclined to look away over the shoulders of the country editor, to some paper printing more reading matter, and then make comparisons. There are people who actually believe it impossible to find a person with common sense, with industry or with brains in the office of a country newspaper; a newspaper can have no charms for them unless it can be mystified under a strange personality, and in buying a copy they proceed upon the same grounds as in the purchase of a bar of soap—they would rather have one that comes from the city, because it must necessarily be so much better in every sense than a home production. The country newspaper is one of the most important attributes of every town in the United States. When a colony settles anywhere with the intention of building a village, the first thought is a newspaper; the press is thus in the very vanguard of civilization. It is the useful agent in every place of progress and growth. There is not another single power that can do so much good, patient work in the way of building up as the local newspaper. It is not altogether important how it is edited, whether with ability or not, so that it can be conducted with an industry and enterprise at least side by side with the town—if it can afford to keep a few years in advance it is all the better. A country paper that had little else than advertisements would be an immense help to any place, for advertisements constitute a most reliable index to the character, size, business and general condition of the town. To the stranger who may have looked in a prospective way upon a place, the advertisements are the invaluable part of the papers that have been sent him. Without a newspaper, with its local news and business announcements, what would the average American city or village be? It would surely be unknown of its neighbors.

The country weekly ought to be the best supported newspapers of the whole land, for they contain news and gossip that cannot be found in any of the city dailies. The farmer can learn from his local paper—if he prefers to take it instead of some more expensive publication—how much his neighbor's sixty-acre farm sold for, how the schools are prospering, and what improvements are in progress through the section in which he lives. He can get some of this in the city paper, and he cannot be a thoroughly useful citizen without such items of light information. It is not always that the best towns support the best newspapers, but it is strictly a fact that no place ever gets the credit of being thrifty or enterprising until it can send out a first-class paper, and that always depends more upon the people than the editor.

After Many Years.

A letter from Spring Lake, Mich., to the Detroit Tribune conveys the following:

On the corner of Jackson and State streets, in this desultorily unromantic village, stands a little, old, unoccupied building, with an equally ancient residence in the rear. The sole occupant is a corpulent little old sinner, named Hiram A. Reed, familiarly known as "Squire." For thirty years previous to the first administration of Grant he was Justice of the Peace, and held quiet and disposed justice in the building mentioned above. With Grant's election the chief spirit of Jackson street went into retirement, and the town grew over him, as it were. During the Summer of 1851, forty years ago, this little old man, then a sprightly sailor of twenty-six, had command of the schooner *Outar*, eighty tons burden, (large vessel for those days,) belonging to Walton & Willett, of Oswego, N. Y., and sailing between that port and Ontario, Canada. On a trip in July or August of that year Capt. Reed had two passengers, a young Frenchman and his wife named Golah. There were no passenger boats in those days. At noon upon a certain quiet day, on the lake, when all hands were below dinner, saw the man at the helm and the young French woman, and just as the Captain was descending into the cabin, he heard a splash near the main chains, and hurrying to the side of the vessel discovered that the lady had fallen overboard. Quickly seizing the end of a rope, the other end of which was fast to a baling pin, he jumped overboard, and as the vessel had scarcely steered way, easily rescued the lady. Her gratitude, and that of her husband, knew no bounds, and upon the arrival of the vessel at Toronto they tried to induce the Captain to accept a present of a gold watch, which he refused, and only upon earnest solicitation, accepted a gold half-eagle from the lady. The circumstantial of the event had gone entirely from the old man's memory, when a few days ago he received a letter from the American Consul at Paris, forwarded from his old address, Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y., announcing that a certain wealthy Frenchman had just died, and that a provision in his will left \$50,000 francs to "one Hiram A. Reed, who was master of the schooner Ontario in the Summer of 1851, and who once saved the life of his wife." Of the crew of six on board the vessel that summer, Mr. Reed has positive knowledge of the death of four, and knew the whereabouts of but one of the two others—his brother, Asa Reed. He has sent to the Customhouse offices at Oswego, and also to Washington, for copies of their papers, and expects by this means to establish his identity and secure the legacy.

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Murray Hill, the wealthiest part of New York city, is pervaded by the sickening stench from kerosene works on the opposite side of East river.

JAMES PECKWELL, Sheriff.

NEWARK, N. J., July 20th, 1875.

Varieties.

A mosquito, buzzing around where a young lady was singing, "Come to me in beautiful dreams," said he would provide there was no bar.

When a boy falls and pulls the skin off his nose, the first thing he does is to sit up and cry. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly, the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

Having frequently appealed to his father to buy him a jack knife, and receiving for a final answer, "If you speak to me again on that subject I will make you, the next day, to go to the fair, and you will buy a jack knife," he bought one and said, "I can never be good like George Washington, with such a dad as I've got."

The postmaster in Newbury, N. H., at the south end of Sunapee Lake, has a shepherd dog which has constituted himself a "mail-carrier." On arriving at the town each day he can be seen at the station, the mail-bag is thrown from the car he seizes it and shakes it, apparently to see if there is any mail matter in it, and then takes it in his mouth and gallantly carries it to the Post Office.

She tried to get down the street at 11, but was so hard to get tight she would not. Oh lady! I peeled over her spec and asked her, "How long have you been affected in that way?" The young and blushing girl made "a face," and then said, "I am not affected at all, but I am very much so, but I have got together so tight that she looked as if she had on a one-legged pair of breeches. Old lady noticed her sitting in this sideways, crumpled up, and said, "Well, Blit, I s'pose, I have had 'em myself."

The modern school girl must have queer ideas. In a conversation with a New York reporter at a hop at Vassar Tuesday evening one of them queried, "Are you single?" and an answer came, "Yes, I am, but I am not being single, I am being a virgin." "D. editors ever get rich?" The pencil buyer again replied in an affirmative, and instantly several voices, and then all, said, "Yes, he has." "New York to-morrow?" "Yes, I will take me three days to pay my taxes and cut the coupons off my bonds!" "Is it possible?" replied the miss, "and you so young, too?"

Advertisements.

STERLING EXCHANGE.

Martin R. Dennis,
739 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Sells Drafts on

ENGLAND,

IRELAND, and

SCOTLAND,

FOR ANY AMOUNT, AT THE LOWEST RATES.

ALSO

PASSAGE TICKETS.

ON CUNARD, ANCHOR, WHITE STAR, NATIONAL,

AND GUION & CO'S STEAMERS,

TO AND FROM

LIVERPOOL AND QUEENSTOWN.

M. R. DENNIS,

739 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N.

COAL

And KINSLING WOOD.

Having re-opened the old established Coal and Wood Yard, late C. W. POWERS, Opposite the D. L. & W. R. R. Depot in Bloomfield, I am prepared to sell, delivered at residences or in the yard, the best Kinds of

LEHIGH and LACKAWANNA COAL.

At Bottom Cash Prices.

Please call at Yard, or order by mail. Prompt attention given.

HENRY K. BENSON.

Yard West of Depot, Bloomfield.

Stout's Fulton Coal a Specialty.

MADISON BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

IN ALL KINDS OF

HARD AND SOFT COALS!

AND

MASON'S MATERIALS!

COMPRISED

HARD AND PALE BACK

of our own manufacture, also

LATH,

LIME,

CEMENT,

PLASTER

MARBLE DUST,

BLUE STONE STEPS,

SILLS, &c, &c.

Sidewalks Flagged by Special Contract.

SEASONED WOOD, SAWED, BY THE CORD.

Also, KINSLING WOOD to families and stores by the barrel.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Office near railroad depot.

C. H. MADISON. R. MADISON.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

Are prepared to furnish all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIALS,

At the lowest Market Prices.

Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Timber,

and Lumber of all Kinds.

A large Stock of

MOULDINGS,

FENCE PICKETS,

POSTS,

RAILS, &c.

On hand or worked to order.

ROLLING AND WOOD TURNING done to order.

ALSO

MASON'S MATERIALS,

COAL, KINSLING WOOD, &c.

HICKORY TIMBER a Specialty at extremely low prices.

CAL AND SKE.

A superior quality of

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

Between Francis A. Lord, comp't, and Harriet Street, Newark, N. J.

Opposite the Post Office.

JOHN TAYLOR, Sheriff.

NEWARK, N. J., July 20th, 1875.

Legal.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey. Between Francis A. Lord, comp't, and Harriet Street, Newark, N. J.

The sale of property in the above case

will be adjourned until Tuesday the 23d day of Au-

gust next, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Court House in the city of Newark, N. J.

JOHN TAYLOR, Sheriff.

NEWARK, N. J., July 20th, 1875.

Varieties.

WM. H. HARRIS,

Real Estate, Insurance and Loan Broker,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS AND CONVEYANCER,

Opposite D. L. & W. R. R. Depot, Montclair, New Jersey,

10 Furnished Houses to Rent, \$300 to \$2